



Goodwin's Weekly

EDITORIALS

ONCE again we hear the call of the Red Cross. It makes a strange appeal to our hearts as it ever does, and surely we will respond gladly and in generous fashion. The American Red Cross is the Good Samaritan of the twentieth century. It aims to minister to all who have fallen by the wayside in the war-torn countries of the old world. Tenderly it binds the wounds of those who have fallen in battle and cares for the homeless and heart-broken women and children behind the far-flung lines. Wherever human sympathy and succor is needed to restore some broken bit of humanity to health and happiness and revive someone's faith in God, there the bearers of the Red Cross may be found, toiling swiftly and with unselfish hands to stanch the wounds of a bleeding world.

It is all very wonderful to behold, for never was work of mercy carried on so unselfishly or on such an extensive scale. What has been done, what is now being done, would challenge the comprehension of any single mind, could it be told in story form. When some future historian writes the plain record of the Red Cross during the great war it will comprise the most stirring romance of all ages, beside which all the crusades, chivalry and kindred ventures of the past will pale into small significance. And the most inspiring thought of all is that, as constituted, the Red Cross is America's noblest contribution to the cause.

The war may suddenly come to a close before our armed forces are fairly in the field; it may continue until millions of Americans breast the battle line; our military contribution to the ultimate defeat of the enemy may ever be a subject for speculation among rival nations; but come what may, the splendid work of the American Red Cross will never be forgotten, and when the cruel war is over and the battle flags are furled it will be found that our angels of mercy have deftly woven an enduring bond of sympathy and friendship that will ever hold us in close union with the peoples across the sea.

One hundred million dollars are needed to continue the wonderful work of human salvage. Of this amount the people of Utah are asked to contribute a half million. In cold dollars and cents this looks like a staggering fund to raise in one short week. But sweet Charity never stops to count the cost and Mercy is more interested in the salvage of broken bodies and hearts than in silver dollars. If we would be worthy of our citizenship—unashamed to stand in our own sight and in the sight of all men—we will make our contribution to the Red Cross next week of such amount as will entail a genuine sacrifice. What we should give, what we do give, should be that which we are prompted to give after consulting our own conscience. But those who give nothing will see the day when their own sense of shame will curse them unsparingly and without mercy. Let all loyal Utahns join hands and make of the coming Red Cross campaign the most glorious war work of all.

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A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

WASHINGTON has witnessed some extraordinary demonstrations of late, but none more so than the stirring ovation tendered "Uncle Joe" Cannon at the conclusion of his remarks on the Overman bill. In times past the veteran legislator from Illinois was perhaps more heartily disliked and soundly cursed by his political opponents than any other member of Congress. But time works wonders, and those erstwhile political foes who had once sneered at him of his tremendous powers as Speaker and called him everything but a gentleman while doing so, acclaimed him most heartily the other

day. It was a great comeback for the grim old warhorse and the chances are, were the choice to be based upon purely personal grounds, that Uncle Joe could have been elected to any office within the gift of the House by unanimous vote.

Some ten years ago it would have required a severe stretch of the imagination to picture the uncompromising old statesman and politician laying aside his prejudices and partisanship and taking his stand solidly behind a president of different political faith. And today, even at long range, it fires one's imagination to contemplate this spectacle. There was never any doubt of Uncle Joe's uncompromising Americanism, but there are few who expected him to go to such lengths to demonstrate it. His speech was short and characteristic. He recalled the days when Lincoln was called a "despot," and "usurper" for assuming extraordinary powers to save the nation, and reminded his fellow members that he had also witnessed the political genius of the American people reshape their government to conform to its original and traditional outlines following the Civil War. And, in advocating the safety of granting the President the sweeping powers demanded at the present time, he expressed the belief that once the danger is passed, this same genius will reassert itself and resolve the government into its old familiar forms.

To our way of thinking, this brief utterance outlined the most wholesome expression of patriotic sentiment and the soundest political philosophy that has been advanced in Congress in many a day, such as should make a striking appeal to sound-thinking citizens everywhere. Also, that this should come from a seasoned Republican who has seen service in his party for over a half century, speaks volumes for the honor, integrity and virility of the party that has served the nation fearlessly and faithfully since the days of the incomparable Lincoln. After reading the former speaker's observation, his fellow citizens of every class and condition will take a new lease on life and reassure themselves that all is well with the Great Republic.

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A DEFIANT DEMOCRAT.

IT was characteristic of Champ Clark that he should suddenly drop his work at Washington and hurry out to Indiana to sound the keynote of the approaching campaign. Like an old war horse, the veteran Democrat scents the impending battle from afar and is eager to charge headlong into the conflict. By way of providing himself with an alibi for his sudden appearance in Indiana when his proper place was in Washington, Mr. Speaker enlightened his Hoosier audience with the assertion that "the Republicans are preparing to assault our positions all along the line and we must fight to win." In other words, Champ doesn't intend to take any chances this fall. Perhaps he is wise, at that.

This thought likewise occurs: Since time immemorial it has been customary for Colonel Bryan to sound the Democratic keynote and to advise his fellow citizens as to the "paramount" issue of each campaign. How did it happen that Clark managed to get the jump on the Commoner? On the surface, it doesn't seem to be quite fair to an old friend and favorite, but Clark and his crowd probably had a very good reason at heart for this unprecedented action. Of late Bryan has been running hog-wild on the Prohibition issue, and it is barely possible that the Administration was fearful lest he might succeed in converting his particular pet issue at present into the paramount issue of the campaign. At any rate, we are due to witness one campaign wherein brother Bryan will have to content himself with playing second fiddle, or else get out of the Democratic orchestra altogether.

According to Speaker Clark, the Democrats propose to stand "Firmly and triumphantly on their record—not upon promises, but upon monumental things accomplished." One can readily understand